

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1696, September 22, 1951

THEY MADE SURE OF A COOL HOLIDAY

A Climb to Mount Kenya's Snows

During the longer evenings at this time of the year most of us like to look back on our holidays by the sea or in the country, recalling the warm, sunny days and forgetting the cold, wet spells. But a Kenya correspondent of the C N lives in all-the-year-round sunshine, and for his holiday he deliberately sought a cool spot. He now sends us this vivid account of a climb up Mount Kenya.

IN East Africa sunshine is so plentiful that for my holiday this year I wanted cooler weather—and perhaps even to see some snow.

Yes, snow on the Equator!

A friend of mine had much the same idea, so we wrote to Mr. V. Klarwill, who lives near Mount Kenya, the ancient volcano with twin peaks only a few miles from the Equator. A man with con-

siderable climbing experience, Mr. Klarwill is a director of an organisation which arranges safaris (journeys) on the mountain.

My companion and I went from Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, by bus, over bumpy, dusty roads to Mr. Klarwill's home—a trip of more than 100 miles. That night we stayed in a cedarwood hut beside a trout stream in the grounds of his home.

Dawn came, cold and misty, and we packed our kit into waterproof bags and drove by lorry several miles to a little compound where about a dozen mules are tended by Meru tribesmen. Mr. Klarwill and my friend and I were to go together up as much of the mountain as was practicable. Mules would carry our tents, food, and kit; with them would be two mule-boys and another African as cook.

FOUR RELUCTANT MULES

Four rather reluctant mules were secured and loaded. As we gazed across the empty, yellow plain we could see the lower slopes of the mountain, but the peaks were veiled in thick cloud. It was a wonderful moment as the morning mists gave way to steely sunshine.

At first our way was quite wide and the slope was gradual. On either hand were bamboos, giant podo trees, and a mass of green undergrowth.

As the slope became steeper we realised that we were not alone in this vast African silence. At our feet were the prints of elephant, rhino, and buffalo which had thrust their way through the jungly growth.

HUGE BEASTS LURKING

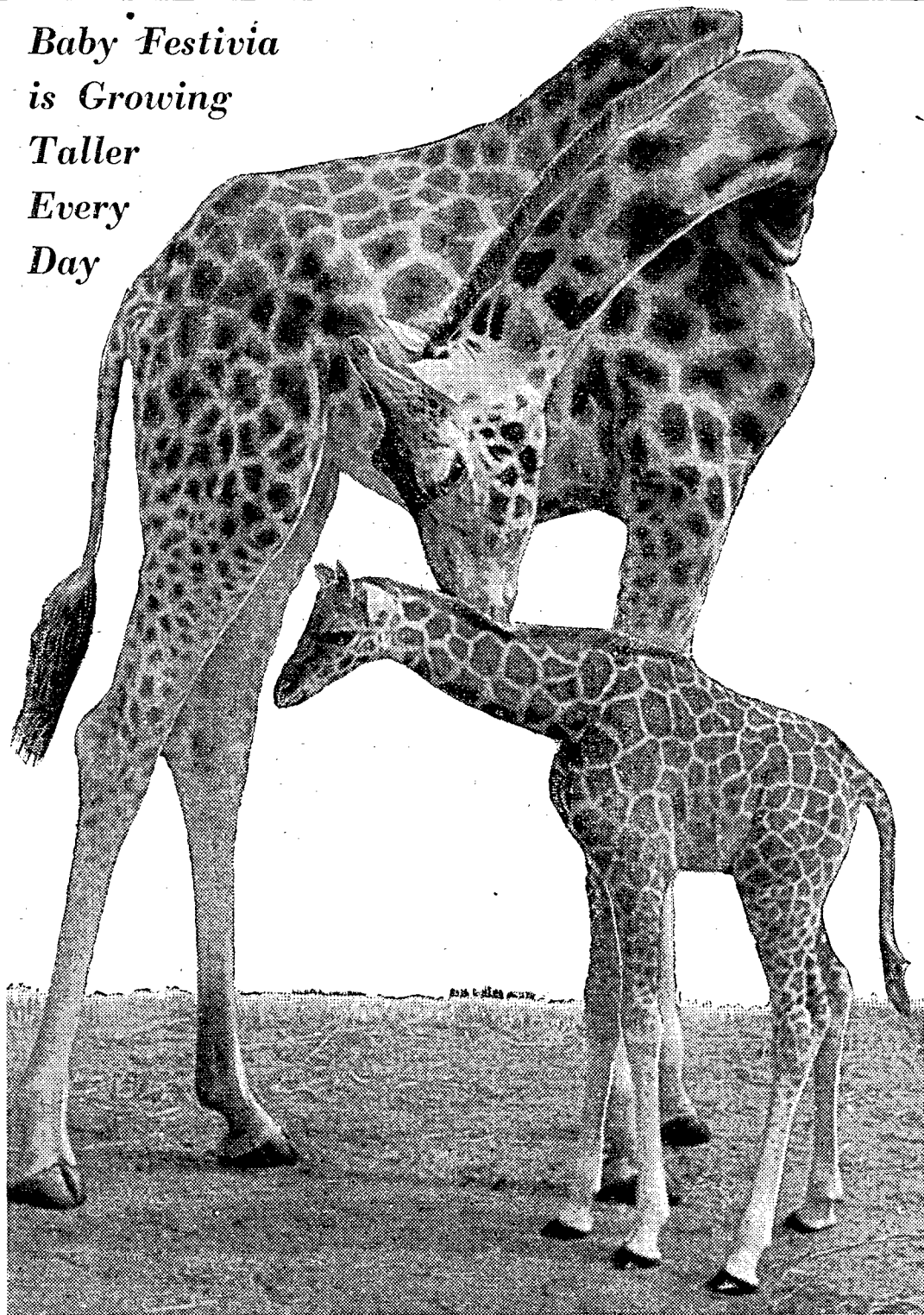
However, there is here a mysterious understanding between beast and man. We gave a yodelling cry, which indicates to the animals that people are passing. And although on each side there may be a hundred huge beasts lurking in the forest, none will disturb the passer-by—at least, not by day!

Nevertheless, our progress was thrilling enough. The path narrowed to the width of a man; the trees closed in overhead; and the way became steeper and muddier.

We paused at midday for a snack and then pressed on. Late that afternoon we reached a clearing at 10,000 feet where we were to

Continued on page 2

Baby Festivia is Growing Taller Every Day



Beauty, the giraffe at Whip-snade Zoo, gracefully lowers her long neck to nuzzle her baby daughter Festivia.

ROVING PONY

Mischief is a pony of the roving kind. Some time ago he decided to leave his field near Hawick, Roxburghshire, and search for pastures new.

Three weeks later he was seen near Newcastleton, which is 15 miles away, but he disappeared again and nothing was heard of him for another fortnight, when he wandered into a farm near Brampton, in Cumberland.

The venturesome pony had travelled 50 miles from his home at Hawick.

BOUNCING SAUCERS

Experiments with "flying saucers" that bounce have been carried out by the U.S. Army. These are large water or petrol containers made of synthetic rubber and shaped like discs.

When dropped from aircraft they do not burst; they just bounce several times before settling down.

HIGH SUPPER

Five men recently held a supper party on the top of Rhinog-Fawr, a 2362-foot-high Welsh mountain. They were the members of The Feat Club, holding their annual meeting and celebrating the jubilee of their foundation.

In 1926 five boys met in a park in Sutton Coldfield and formed the club. They undertook to carry out a feat of mountaineering or fell-walking each year. For a quarter of a century they have kept up the friendship and the promise.

Next year they are planning an expedition to an uncharted part of the Himalayas, and in preparation for this they have this year camped 11,000 feet up on a glacier in Switzerland to harden themselves.

RHINO'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

The fifth birthday of Zuluana, one of the very few white rhinos in captivity, was quite an occasion at the Pretoria Zoo recently. Not only were the zoo buildings decorated, but the authorities gave a children's party and provided a birthday cake complete with five candles.

The children gathered round Zuluana's pen, and when the iron gates were opened greeted her with enthusiastic rounds of hand-clapping. Then followed the presentation of the cake. The young rhino ambled up to it, sniffed it—and then turned to a bunch of ripe bananas.

Zuluana has made excellent progress in her five years of captivity. When she was 14 days old she tipped the scale at 104 lbs.; today she weighs more than 3000 lbs.

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REARMAMENT RAISES MANY PROBLEMS

THIS month of September is outstanding for the number and importance of its international assemblies. Starting with the San Francisco Conference on the Japanese Peace Treaty the Ministers and diplomats of many nations have been moving from meeting to meeting to resolve thorny problems.

It is essential in these times for nations to find agreement. We live in a world which is becoming more closely knit—especially in the economic sphere, where developments, favourable or adverse, in one country have an almost immediate effect on other countries, far and near.

Let us take, for example, the tasks facing Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gaitskell, in his many conferences in the United States and Canada this month.

RAW MATERIALS

The rearmament which the West has been forced to undertake caused a sudden and heavy demand for raw materials—steel, rubber, sulphur, cotton, wool, tin, zinc, and so on. As these raw materials cannot be got in unlimited quantities, the heavy buying, particularly by the United States Government, resulted in immediate shortages and has therefore led to considerable rises in price.

A few months ago we in Britain were running into yet another danger. We feared that some essential goods—sulphur, for instance—would become altogether unobtainable, and close many of our key industries. Happily this threat was averted by the action of the newly-formed International Materials Conference.

Like Britain's Ministry of Materials, but, working on an

international scale, the conference started to ration raw materials of all kinds for all nations, including America.

Mr. Gaitskell's visit to Washington enabled Britain to review the useful work of the conference and to see how a few further problems (such as the uncontrolled prices of wool) can be settled.

Another anxiety is that we may be again running into a dollar deficit because so many important goods have to be bought for dollars at inflated prices.

These and related problems are not, of course, solely British. They affect the Commonwealth countries, as well as France, Italy, Norway, and other Western nations.

COMPARING NOTES

We are all now engaged on a joint defence programme and the North Atlantic Council has met in Ottawa so that its members' Finance Ministers can compare notes—asking each other: How is rearmament affecting your country? Are you trying to cut down civilian consumption to give more of the national cake for security purposes? Are you trying hard enough to increase the national cake? In what way can we support each other?

On the answers to these questions depends much of our welfare later this year, and in 1952.

ERRAND BOY TO LORD MAYOR

When the King and Queen visit Melbourne during their Australian tour next year they will be received by the Lord Mayor, Councillor Oliver J. Nilsen, one of the city's foremost industrialists.

"O.J." as he is known throughout the city, is first and foremost an individualist, and his career is a striking example of what can be achieved by singleness of purpose.

His father, a sea captain, died three months before he was born, and when his schooldays were over he, too, wanted to go to sea. But his mother would not hear of it, and to fill in time he took a job as errand boy at half-a-crown a week.

In those days the electrical industry was in its infancy, and young Nilsen, attracted by the prospects, got himself accepted as an apprentice with the firm of T. C. Hyde and Company. At the

Old and New



The Italian naval training ship Amerigo Vespucci entering Chesapeake Bay in America, during a 10,000-mile summer cruise. One of the six Italian naval vessels which greeted her is also seen in this picture.

age of 19 he had completed his apprenticeship and was made a foreman at £3 a week. Soon he was given a partnership in the firm, which, under his vigorous management, made notable progress.

But he was still not satisfied, and decided to establish his own business, thus laying the foundation of the great electrical undertakings which today extend right across Australia. He is now chairman of directors of seven companies, and at 71 still possesses that vigour which has carried him high up the ladder of success.

HOW THE WORLD LIVES

The world's population is now 2319 million, Unesco reports, having increased by 779 million in the past 50 years.

Of this vast human family 1310 million live in houses, 710 million dwell in huts of different kinds, and 280 million cannot be said to have any regular home.

In the matter of dress some 1310 million are clothed, 700 million wear scanty attire, and 310 million wear practically nothing.

News From Everywhere

BUSY LIFEBOATS

August was the busiest month for lifeboats since the Battle of Britain. Ninety calls were made by ships in distress and 63 people were rescued.

Seven Australian graduates will be awarded £900 Nuffield Foundation scholarships this year.

The Egyptian Government have approved grants for Arabic translations of the works of Shakespeare and Racine.

The foundations of a Roman bridge over the River Eden have been uncovered at Carlisle.

An anonymous gift of nearly £5000 has been made to Bath Abbey restoration fund. The target is £80,000.

Handy Fuel

Workmen laying a water main at High Green, Yorks, struck a 3-foot 6-inch seam of coal 6 inches below the surface of the road. Local residents are building up their fuel reserves for winter use.

A balloon sent up from a fête at Sutton Valence, Kent, was picked up near Fiume, Yugoslavia, 825 miles away.

Peat is now being used in electrical generating stations in Eire because of the scarcity and high price of coal.

A mouse nibbled a hole in a gas-pipe of a Lincoln café, and the leak caused an explosion when a customer struck a match.

TV ACROSS AMERICA

America now has a chain of 107 micro-wave relay stations, each about 30 miles apart, to carry television from New York to San Francisco. The work has taken three years.

At Nearhouse Roversay, in the Orkneys, a young rat has been mothered by a cat.

Excavations have begun at Hod Hill, Stourpaine, Dorset, on the site of a well-preserved Roman fort. Many Roman relics have already been turned up by plough.

The French National Assembly has approved a £12,000,000 building programme for schools, the appointment of an additional 700 qualified teachers, and an increase of £850,000 for scholarships.

Where Do Sardines Go?

A French Government research vessel has been making experiments to trace the migratory movements of sardines. More than 2000 sardines have been caught, marked, and released.

A nine-inch knitting needle swallowed by an Alsatian puppy was successfully extracted at Our Dumb Friends' League Hospital in London.

The Cornwell Badge has been presented to 12-year-old George Barber, a patrol leader in the Scout group at Alexander Hospital, Luton, where he has spent seven years.

The making of violins and violas will be among the old crafts demonstrated in the Rural Industries section of Newbury Show on September 22.

FIRST JET SHIP

The British-owned oil tanker Auris, which has been fitted with a new gas turbine engine, is expected to be ready for trials in the North Sea within the next few weeks. She will be the world's first turbo-jet ship.

A lady is returning to Australia with a piece of turf in a matchbox cut from the fairway of St. Andrews. She intends placing it on her home golf course at Sydney.

An 1880 steam fire-engine which was used in the 1940-41 blitzes has been presented to Norwich Museum.

About 150 wall paintings, thought to be 5000 years old, have been discovered in some caves under Mount Valonsadero, near Soria, Spain. They closely resemble cave drawings in Morocco and near Cadiz.

Dogged

Louis Potigny, 32-year-old Frenchman, after propelling a self-built wheelchair over the Alps, has reached Vienna from Paris to try a new treatment for infantile paralysis.

King Talal, home for the first time since his father, King Abdullah, was assassinated in July, was given a triumphal welcome when he took the oath before the two houses of parliament at Amman.

SURE OF A COOL HOLIDAY

Continued from page 1

camp for the night.

"If you hear elephants trumpeting," said Mr. Klarwill, "just sleep." And that is what we did.

The next day brought us clear of the forest and up a sloping marsh to our top camp, at 13,500 feet. In moments of clear sky we could see towering above us the two main peaks of Mount Kenya, at 17,040 and 17,000 feet. Dazzling glaciers ranged about them.

The following two days we could do little except lie in our sleeping bags, as there was rain, hail, and sleet, with no break in which we could attempt much.

Mr. Klarwill sent the two boys down again with the mules, and then he followed. My companion and I were left with the African cook, the imperturbable Ngaira, who had been on the mountain a number of times before.

The next day we awoke to find snow around our tents. We were cold, but the sun shone in a clear blue sky. This was the day we had hoped for. After drying our belongings in the sunshine we set off, Ngaira accompanying us, for one of the most beautiful parts of the mountain, Two Tarn Col, where, at 14,850 feet, are two lakes.

As we climbed over boulders, past the remains of the camp of Mackinder (who in 1899 was the

first to conquer the mountain), the weather changed with surprising swiftness. It became bitterly cold, and we found ourselves gasping for breath, and struggling to keep our foothold.

But we went on, and soon were rewarded; breasting a ridge, we saw before us one of the tarns—a glassy, peaceful stretch of water on whose snowy banks were giant groundsel taller than a man, and lobelias of similar stature.

All too soon we had to descend to our top camp, for there was thunder in the air. Hail began to lash our backs, and we were glad to reach our tents.

Just before darkness came, four men leading mules loomed up out of the mist. They had come to take our tents and kit down the following day.

Regretfully, the next morning, we set off to return to the foot of the mountain. Our way was made more difficult by the presence of much more water than we had encountered on the way up; but at least going downwards was less strain than climbing.

When we reached the mule base after a whole day on the march, we were a sorry sight—caked with black mud up to our knees. Our feet ached, and we were dog-tired; but we were happy. We had seen our snow and ice!

How bright are you?

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- ☐ ROL-IN-EX.?
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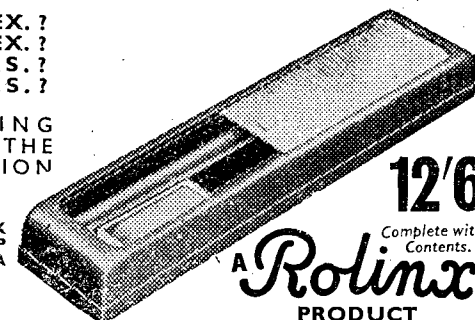
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The Children's Newspaper, September 22, 1951

WINDMILL WITH ITS OLD SAILS

The fine old windmill at Stevington, Bedfordshire, has been restored, and it is to be officially opened as part of the County's Festival celebrations.

This magnificent 18th-century post mill is remarkable for still possessing the real old-fashioned kind of sails, or sweeps, that can be furled or unfurled, instead of the familiar shutters.

Stevington has many other links with the past. In the Middle Ages pilgrims came here in their thousands to visit the holy well, a spring which still pours its waters from the rock on which the church is built.

The church itself has relics of Saxon work in its tower, which its original builders used as a fort. There are pew-carvings of queer figures some 500 or 600 years old, and representing Greed, Sloth, Drinking, and Scholarship.

Bunyan used to preach secretly in the woods near the village, and a Baptist meeting house was established during his time in 1655.

SEA SECRETS

A floating laboratory of the Canadian Government has been at work this summer in the remote waters of the Beaufort Sea, the arm of the Arctic Ocean washing the northern coasts of Alaska and Canada.

The laboratory staff fish, collect mammals and birds, and study the currents of this sea, but in October the sea will become icebound and impassable for shipping.

Choice Grapes



The vine-keeper at Hampton Court Palace, Mr. W. G. Lizzard, helps two young visitors to select grapes from the giant vine, which was planted in 1768.

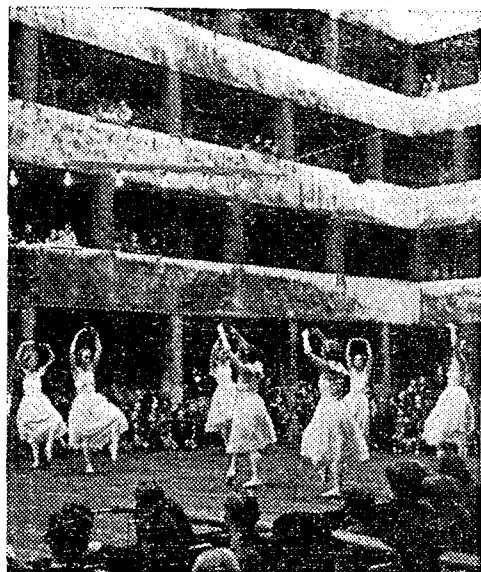
SHILLING PARK

A number of fathers in Troy Road, Morley, Yorkshire, have turned a rubbish tip of 1500 square yards into a small park with a children's playground.

The children in the road had only the pavements to play on, but the fathers rented the tip for one shilling a year from the owners and worked together to remove 30 tons of rubbish. They have built terraces for lawns, flower-beds, a sandpit, and a rockery.

WATCHING BALLET AT HOME

The balconies of a block of flats in Westminster suggest the galleries of an Elizabethan open-air playhouse in this picture of a performance of the Donna Roma ballet. Over 300 performances of this ballet have been given during a summer tour of England and Wales, as well as in visits to the courtyards, playgrounds, and streets of the City of Westminster.



ATOMIC SUBMARINE

The United States Navy has ordered an atomic-powered submarine, which will be built by the Electric Boat Company of Groton, in Connecticut.

Every detail of the new ship is secret, but it is known that the prototype atomic power plant for the submarine is being built by the Atomic Energy plant in Idaho, and that this plant specialises in a "thermal reactor," in which the neutrons travel at a comparatively slow speed.

It is just a year since President Truman signed a Bill authorising the Navy to build an atomic-powered plant, at a cost then estimated at 40 million dollars.

BIRD OF PREY

How much do you know about eagles? Probably you are aware that they sometimes carry off lambs, but it may be news to you that once an eagle flies over a grouse moor during a shoot the day's sport is over, for no grouse will take the air again that day. On the other hand, deerstalkers welcome the eagle, as it keeps silent the grouse which would otherwise warn the deer of their approach.

These are just two interesting facts from an article, Most Magnificent of British Birds, one of many stimulating and educational features in World Digest for October. On sale September 21, 1s. 3d. Make sure you get a copy.

BRILLIANT YOUNG PIANIST

When the annual prizegiving of the Royal College of Music takes place in October, Miss Patricia Carroll will receive the Chappell Medal for the best pianist of the year, and the Norris Prize, which goes with the medal. Miss Carroll also had a share in winning the Cobbett champion music competition, playing in a piano quartet.

No student of the college has ever achieved so much in one year as this 19-year-old girl of Anerley, South London.

POUNDS SAVED

Who would think of throwing a £1 note away? Yet waste-paper worth many pounds is thrown away each day. Remember this when next you are asked to SAVE YOUR WASTE-PAPER.

HOGARTH AND HIS "VILLAKIN"

William Hogarth's house at Chiswick will be open again to the public from September 25. It has been restored after bomb damage, and it will look just as it did when he lived there.

Everybody knows Hogarth's pictures, masterpieces like The Rake's Progress, Marriage à la Mode, and Industry and Idleness; engravings of them are to be found all over the world, and they are important as a mirror of a coarse age.

Hogarth called this house his "villakin" and his "little country box at Chiswick." It has dormers in the roof, and a big bay window looking onto the long walled garden where he would sit with his pipe, his dog, and the piping bullfinch.

Here for 15 years the great artist spent his summers, and here in 1764 he died.

NEW ZEALAND IS GROWING

The recent census has revealed that New Zealand now has 15 cities and towns with 20,000 or more inhabitants.

Largest of the cities is Auckland, with 330,000 people.

Wellington, the capital, has 135,000 people, but another 55,000 live close by in Hutt.

Christchurch had 175,000 people in its centennial year, while Dunedin, founded by Scottish settlers 103 years ago, has nearly 100,000 inhabitants.

Ten growing towns serving large farming districts have between 20,000 and 30,000 people. In descending order these are Hamilton, Palmerston North, Invercargill, Wanganui, New Plymouth, Napier, Hastings, Timaru, Nelson, and Gisborne.

FOUR CROWNS

The Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament has four new pinnacles made of stone from the famous Clipsham quarries in Rutland and each carrying a gilded crown.

The four old pinnacles were removed as long ago as 1938, but the work was held up by the war, so young people are seeing the tower in its completeness for the first time.

VOTING FOR A SYMBOL

During the coming winter, India, the country with the largest number of voters, will hold its first general election. About 170 million people will go to the polls, most of them for the first time.

Because most of the new voters cannot read and write, special plans are being made to enable them to record their votes. Each candidate for election will be given a symbol, so that all the electors will know him or her by that symbol.

The symbols will all be of such common objects as a hut, a flower, a cart, a boat, or an umbrella.

At the polling booths each ballot box will have on it the symbol of the candidate, so that all the voter who cannot read will have to do is to place his ballot paper in the box of the candidate for whom he wishes to vote.

TO RESIST THE ROMANS

Excavations on the great earthworks round 700 acres of Stanwick Park, near Richmond, Yorkshire, have revealed that they were thrown up by British tribes to resist the advancing Romans.

The earthworks had previously been thought to be the walls of a deer park of the middle ages. But a deep ditch outside the walls has been found to contain Roman pottery in a position which indicates that it was occupied soon after the ramparts were thrown up.

HISTORIC DRESS COMES HOME

When, 70 years ago, an Arbroath furniture-maker was asked to recover some chairs, he produced a dress, suggesting it should be cut up to provide the necessary material.

The owner of the chairs, a Mrs. Lundie, was horrified at the suggestion and bought the dress, taking it with her to South Africa. But before she went there she learnt that it was none other than the dress worn by the Countess of Airlie when that lady danced with Bonnie Prince Charlie on the eve of the Battle of Culloden in 1746.

Now this notable dress is to return home to Scotland, for Miss Mollie Lundie, daughter of its purchaser, is presenting it to the Dowager Countess of Airlie.

DEVON COASTLAND FOR THE NATION

The National Trust has acquired some glorious stretches of land on the North Devon coast near Woolacombe and Mortehoe.

The Trust already owns a fine headland here in Mort Point. Now the nation has another 758 acres in the neighbourhood—two farms and the 101-acre Woolacombe Warren.

As we walk towards Mort Point amid gorse, bracken, and the scent of heather, we see Lundy Island out at sea, the sands and rocks of Devon on our left, and on our right the faint outline of the distant coast of South Wales.



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All tickets, please!
Among the 600 emigrants aboard the New Australia when she left Southampton for Sydney were these two boys from Edinburgh.

TRAPPED ON AN ISLAND

A grim adventure which might not have ended so happily overtook 13-year-old Hans Peuker when he set out from his home at Robertson, Cape Province, to gather firewood from the banks of the River Breede. So low was the level of the water that Hans was able to wade through the shallows to a small island where brushwood is plentiful.

While Hans was collecting the wood a violent thunderstorm turned the mountain streams into raging torrents which emptied themselves into the river until it ran swift and deep between the banks. Hans was cut off, and, although he shouted, his voice was drowned by the thunder. When darkness came he took shelter beneath an old farm wagon deposited on the island by an earlier flood.

At dawn Hans was able to attract the attention of his distracted parents, who had already sought the help of the police. With the river running dangerously high the police advised waiting a few hours until the flood water had passed.

But a neighbouring farmer, Andries Olivier, realised the danger of delay. Hans was wet through after a night's exposure and a cold wind was blowing. Saddling his horse he mounted and headed for the island. Gradually he edged the animal across the current and reached the opposite bank where Hans lay. Wrapping him in a warm coat the brave farmer swam back with Hans on the back of his horse.

Hans was rushed to hospital and soon recovered. Mr. Olivier was the hero of Robertson, and even the faithful horse was paid homage when the village children were given an afternoon off from school.

Road Safety Parliament

Should it be made an offence to jump on or off a moving bus?

This is among the questions to be discussed at the National Safety Congress opening at the Central Hall, Westminster, on October 2, under the chairmanship of Lord Latham.

Another question to be debated is whether the encouragement of good drivers is not more important than the punishment of bad ones, and it will be suggested that good drivers should have some special stamp on their driving licences, and windscreens labels.

Another proposal is the compulsory training of learner motorcyclists before they are allowed to ride on public roads. The delegates will also discuss whether a driving-test should be compulsory for a driver who has had his licence suspended.

Young people are taking part in the congress, and on the afternoon of October 3, representatives of youth organisations will be among those giving their suggestions for reducing the tragic toll of the roads.

For the first time since the war visitors from other lands are to attend the congress. They are coming from safety organisations in Denmark, India, South Africa, Sweden, Switzerland, and U.S.A.

PRESIDENT PITCHES HORSESHOES!

When President Truman can spare time from affairs of state he likes to go to a small court at the back of the White House and pitch horseshoes! Horseshoe pitching, an old American pastime, is still popular with farmers in isolated places; but quite a number of statesmen and other leading Americans also enjoy the pastime.

The object of the game is to throw the horseshoes over iron stakes driven in the ground.

LOVE STORY OF A RED INDIAN PRINCESS

THE church where Princess Pocahontas was buried in 1617, St. George's, Gravesend, is being repaired to serve as a Chapel of Unity for the World Council of Churches.

It has been fittingly chosen as a shrine of Unity, for the American Indian princess, first of her race to become a Christian, was a natural apostle of friendship between nations.

Known to history as Pocahontas, this princess became Rebecca Rolfe, wife of John Rolfe, one of the most notable of Raleigh's early settlers in Virginia. Pocahontas was the "darling child" of Powhatan, over-king of the Red Indian tribes.

She came into history at the moment when the immortal John Smith, Father of the Colony, was in peril of having his brains dashed out by the clubs of Powhatan's braves. Pocahontas interposed her head to save the white man's.

Thanks to her mediation, peace was established between the Red Indians and the English captain, and she became a welcome guest at the settlement of Jamestown.

When Powhatan planned to slay the colonists, Pocahontas, risking her life, stole through the woods at dead of night to warn John Smith, whom she had grown to love; and when the colonists were in danger of starvation she caused food to be carried to them and thus saved their lives.

John Smith had to return to England, shattered by a gunpowder explosion, and Pocahontas

was treacherously seized by the English and held as a hostage for the good behaviour of the Red Men. She was falsely told that Smith was dead, and in her sorrow she agreed to marry John Rolfe.

In the year when Shakespeare died Pocahontas came with Rolfe to England, and, by chance, John Smith and Pocahontas met in London. The Red Indian beauty was overcome with emotion.

"They told me you were dead!" she cried; then turned away her head and could speak no more. Tradition has it that the shock and grief of the discovery broke her heart.

Be that as it may, although she was received with honour at the Court of James the First as a Red Indian princess, and patronised by society and literary men, she slowly faded away, and on the eve of leaving Gravesend for home she died there of consumption on May 2, 1617.

From the son of Pocahontas have descended some of the most famous families in the United States; one of her descendants was the wife of President Wilson.

THREAT TO A VALLEY

The Honddu Valley in Monmouthshire, a notable beauty spot on the Welsh border, is threatened by a project which will drown it in the waters of a huge reservoir.

It is a possibility which will alarm all who know the remote and sombre beauty of this deep valley, stretching for some eleven miles into the Black Mountains.

About seven miles up the valley

stands all that is now left of the once noble Llanthony Abbey, founded by the Austin Friars in 1107. Those ruins, together with buildings of a later date, were at one time the property of Walter Savage Landor, the brilliant but erratic poet and author who was once described by Carlyle as "the unsubduable old Roman."

Early in the 19th century he acquired the whole of the Llanthony estate, intending to improve it extensively. The grandiose project was a dismal failure, however, and after it had nearly ruined him Landor was obliged to hand over the management to his mother.

Part of the ruins have been converted into the Abbey Hotel, a centre for fishermen. The little Norman church, now the parish church, has been restored and is dedicated to St. David, patron saint of Wales, who is believed to have built a habitation for himself there long before the abbey was established.

Four miles higher up the valley is the abbey founded in 1870 by Father Ignatius as the home of an Anglican Benedictine order. After his death in 1908 the community ceased to exist, and the buildings later fell into disrepair. Today the habitable parts are a guest house.

30 CATS IN A TRAM

A discarded tram-car at Invercargill, the most southerly city of New Zealand, has been converted into quarters for about 30 cats. A veterinary organisation of the city will provide board for them while families are away on holidays.

Build this magnificent

PIRATE GALLEON

ALL FOR

2/9



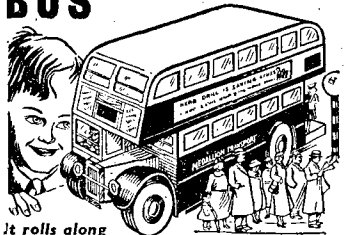
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A trim vessel, fit to sail the high seas of the drawing-room.

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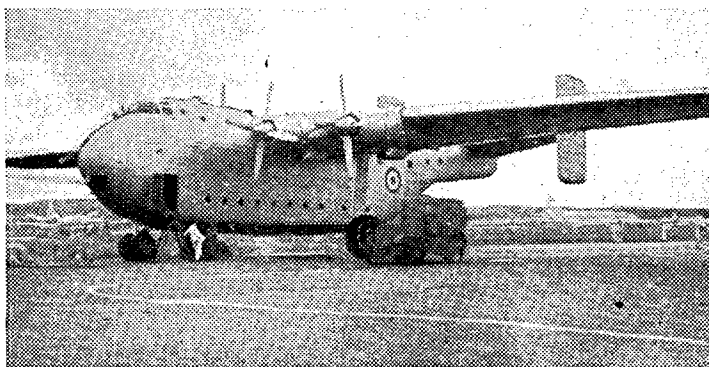
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NEW PLANES FOR THE WORLD'S AIRWAYS



23. The G.A.L.60 Universal Freighter

The bulky lines of this massive freight machine show that it has been designed with an eye on Duty rather than Beauty. It is Britain's second largest landplane.

Created on the same drawing-boards as the wartime Hamilcar tank-carrying glider, the Universal was conceived to meet the rapid post-war growth of civil freight traffic. The first prototype, shown above, is now undergoing tests as a military transport, but civil versions are expected to follow.

Four 1950 h.p. Bristol Hercules

761 radials power the machine and give it a cruising speed of 180 m.p.h. at 12,500 feet. The vast main freight compartment is large enough to house a single-decker coach, 36 feet long, 10 feet across, and 10 feet high. Alternatively, seats can be provided for 90 passengers over short routes. Loading is simplified by a hydraulically-operated loading ramp beneath the rear fuselage boom, and this enables vehicles to drive straight in.

Span of the G.A.L.60 is 162 feet, and its length is 99 feet 2 inches.

The Children's Newspaper, September, 22, 1951

ROUND THE TOWNS—Alan Ivimey visits...

BERWICK-ON-TWEED

WHAT is the most northerly town in England like? Well, it stands at the modest mouth of the River Tweed, which you could cross in two or three minutes; it is on the north bank, and has two small suburbs called Spittal and Tweedmouth on the south.

You can take it all in at a single glance as you approach by train from Newcastle, and what strikes you at once are the three bridges, two road and one rail, leading to this town of stirring history.

But this quick first look does not show you what makes Berwick-on-Tweed different from most other towns; namely, that it still has its town walls, running all the way round it and quite intact.

The most northerly town in England—yes: But even more so than most people realise, for the Border does not run east and west, but south-west to north-east. So you find, if you look at a map, that Berwick is actually a little

History and the force of arms made Berwick England's most northerly town. It was the River Tweed which brought Berwick into importance as a harbour and also as a market for the cattle-raising districts centred round the old monasteries of Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose, and Dryburgh. For the monasteries were our first Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

TODAY Berwick boasts itself to be the biggest barley market in the kingdom and the second largest grain market. That it has had these distinctions for a long time is shown by the old granaries along the river bank under the line of ramparts.

On those ramparts you can still follow the sentries' walk and look out over the sandbanks and stone pier and rocks of the harbour mouth where an old solitary cannon, captured from the Russians long ago, points to no apparent enemy. And you can



The Quay seen from the Old Bridge

farther north than Lanark, and considerably more so than Gala-shiels or Peebles.

MUCH of the life of Berwick, which is legally a special county on its own, is more related to Scotland than to England. This old Border town was entirely Scottish for the early part of its history and has been time and time again. For certain Government services it is still considered as part of Scotland and most certainly so by the football authorities, who place it firmly in "Division C, Scottish."

The names, too, which occur in the town as it is today and repeatedly in its ancient documents, show the same English-Scottish mixture, with the weight heavily on the Scottish side. While there are North-country English names, such as Weatherburn and Weatherly and Wakenshaw, there are still more Heriotts and Wallaces and Maclagans and Borthwicks and Rutherfords.

continue all round the town, past the great open ditches and the bastions made when Elizabeth was Queen, and all danger of attack by land or sea seemed over.

Between these fortifications and the town, on the side towards the sea, are grassy spaces and then low cliffs; and having at last worked your way round north and west and south again you come back to the river and the bluff on which the castle was built. It overhangs the running water and is shaggy with trees, and close by is a little park, deep down in a ravine, with a quiet pool.

During your walk you will pass the headquarters of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the oldest continuously-occupied barracks—and I should think by far the most handsome—in the country. You will also pass the street containing a fine stone building which is the municipal headquarters; and that street, Wallace Green, simply stops dead at the ramparts. The whole spirit of the place seems to whisper

"We always knew that the price of freedom was eternal vigilance."

On paper Berwick is just another small market town of about 12,500 inhabitants. But by keeping its walls, visible signs of its life and purpose in history, it also keeps an individuality which you remember after you have forgotten many other places. This is nothing to do with "beauty spots"—it is sheer character.

ONE of the chief factors in the character of a town is its main thoroughfare. This, in the case of Berwick, crosses the Border about three miles north and comes through the ramparts at Scotsgate, a strong stone arch with a little archway for pedestrians on either side. Once through this and you are in a longish, wide street where the market is held, and the far end of it is almost blocked by the pillared portico and spired clock-tower of the town hall. Then you notice that what is obviously the main thoroughfare swings right-handed down hill; it has to have a triple kerb like steps, because of the slope.

Here are the cinemas and a pleasant old inn with what used to be the Assembly Rooms hiding behind it. Charles Dickens once lectured here, and there is still a fine ballroom. The street is busy with shoppers. But when you reach the bottom of the slope you are stopped by the ramparts again with a narrow arch called Sandgate, still with its original strong oak doors. If you want to cross the old Jacobean Bridge you have to go down what looks like a side street.

Now all this means that the through traffic is taken along the edge of the town and leaves the main shopping street comparatively free—for shoppers. And this, it seems to me, is just what a main street should do. These ramparts give a cosy, intimate kind of feeling of being in a town. They also keep it small.

The town hall, with a Georgian council chamber and a hall for the Quarter Sessions stands where the civic centre, prison, and rallying-point in time of danger, has stood for centuries. In the old days it had the Scottish name of Toll-booth, and there have been at least three of these. The stocks still stand outside.

As I said at the beginning, Berwick has three bridges. The oldest, still very sensibly retained for local traffic, has 15 arches. The money for building it was provided by James the First, presumably to make the union of his two kingdoms more effective. It was finished in 1634 and till 1851 was kept in repair by a special item in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's annual Budget. Now it has been handed back to the local authorities.

The modern road bridge, much higher, was opened in 1924. The third and highest is the Royal Border Bridge for the railway, opened in 1850. From it you get the best view of Berwick, a comfortable grey huddle of stone houses under the town hall spire held tightly within the green ring of the ramparts. For the stone walls were "cushioned" on the outside against the cannon-balls of



Berwick Town Hall, where the curfew is still sounded every night at 8 p.m.

the enemy by big grassy mounds of earth.

The Royal Border Bridge ends at the railway station. This was built on the site of the castle where John Balliol was adjudged the rightful King of Scotland by Edward I. Part of a tower still remains and a portion of the walls defending the highest corner of the bluff on which the town is set.

BERWICK, remember, although on the Border, is enclosed within its own tiny county; and every May Day, consequent on an order by the Captain of the Garrison in the time of Henry VIII, the Mayor, accompanied by the Corporation and the townspeople, ride Berwick Bounds so that there should never be any doubt in the minds of the peoples of both England and Scotland as to exactly where they are.

The ceremony starts with an assembly on Wallace Green and the horsemen have a ten-mile ride, when they lower fences and remove any other obstacles, and eventually meet the mayor for an official luncheon.

But Berwick does other things than remind us of old struggles. You will see, maybe, a Swedish ship in its harbour bringing timber to the sawmill and joinery works at Tweedmouth. The town has recently re-established its traditional boat-building trade and the first vessel, a big diesel-engined lighter for work on the Thames, was launched only a short time

ago. Ship's lifeboats are also a speciality. About 50 men are employed in this way and their number is expected to double.

Naturally enough, Tweed cloth is made here, mostly by girls; and other Berwick girls work at a new factory which finishes hosiery and knitwear manufactured at Hawick, especially fine quality cashmere.

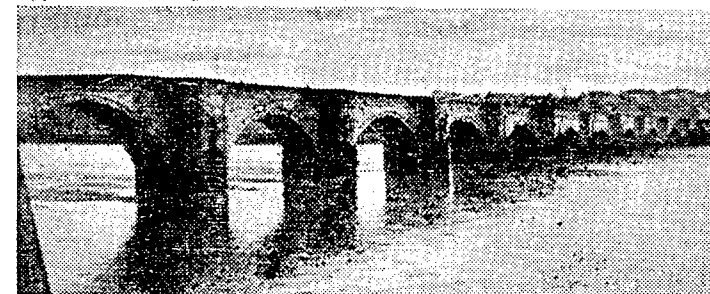
Then there is the seasonal occupation of salmon fishing by net. This occupies about 130 men from February 1 till September 14. Aberdeen fish trains stop to collect the thousands of salmon taken each year, some of it going to Billingsgate and the rest principally to Midland and other leading towns.

Repairing locomotives is another local source of employment, and Berwick is the point where many of the long-distance trains change drivers.

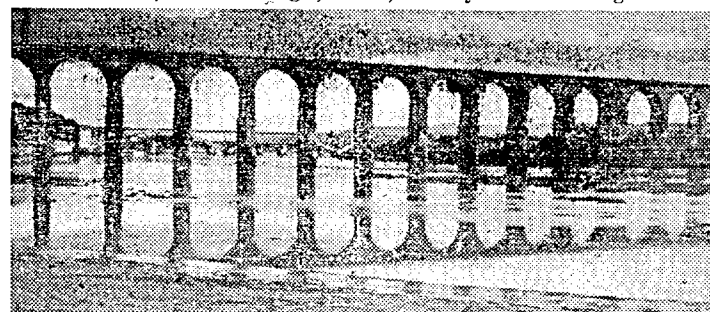
THE little suburb of Spittal across the river is being developed for holiday-makers, especially those from south Scotland and Tyneside. A motor-ferry runs from the town quay and there is a holiday camp where it lands. A great attraction, of course, are the trips to the Farne Islands, with their bird sanctuary, and to Holy Island.

One last local product I must mention is a special sweet called Berwick Cockle.

Alas, I had left my ration book at home!



Above, the Old Bridge; below, the Royal Border Bridge



An old cannon on the battlements

The Children's Newspaper, September 22, 1951

In this unusual film, says ERIC GILLET . . .

NATURE IS THE STAR

VALLEY OF EAGLES is something new in adventure films. Terence Young, who directed it and wrote the screen play, has found a novel setting for some really thrilling incidents.

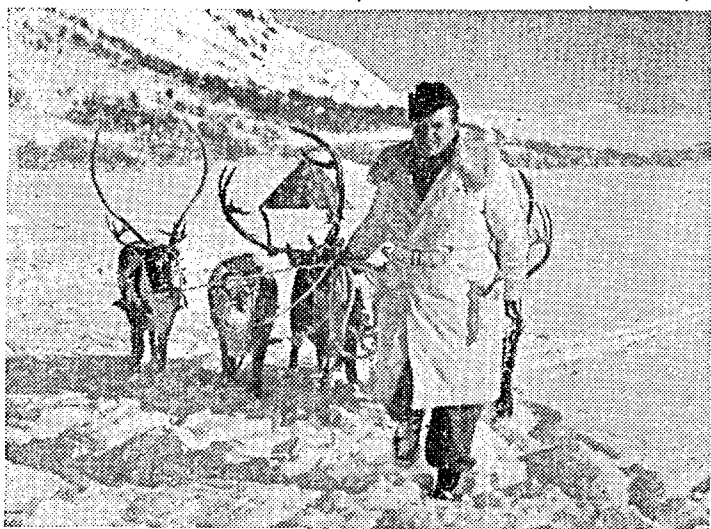
There is nothing remarkable about the story. Dr. Nils Ahlen (John McCallum), a scientist at the Institute of Technical Research in Stockholm, makes a discovery of the highest importance. His wife Helga (May Laura Wood) and his young assistant Sven Nystrom (Anthony Dawson) suddenly disappear. The essential parts of his invention vanish at the same time.

Nils notifies the police, and with an Inspector (Jack Warner) he follows certain clues. Here the excitement begins.

The two men soon find them-



Martin Boddey as a Laplander



Jack Warner lends a hand with the reindeer

selves in the far north of Sweden, with winter setting in. They are forced to leave the roads and penetrate deep into the desolate and frozen wastes where Lapp tribes and their herds of reindeer have to fight against the elements for a scanty living, menaced constantly by packs of fierce wolves.

In the end Nils and the Inspector solve their problem, but before they do so we witness some of the most remarkable photography ever shown on a cinema screen.

Strange Lapp customs, treks over the lovely snow-covered landscape, a tremendous reindeer stampede, intimidating close-ups of wolves relentlessly following the little cavalcade, give Valley of Eagles an eerie fascination unlike

anything I have experienced in a film before.

Two of the scenes alone would be sufficient to make the picture noteworthy. One depicts trained eagles swooping away from their owners' wrists to attack wolves in the snow. The other shows a great avalanche hurtling down a mountainside, with the Lapps fleeing to safety before it.

The plot of Valley of Eagles does not matter much, but the incidents in it amount to something considerable. The photography is the outstanding feature of this most striking and unusual picture.

Nadia Gray, Jack Warner, and John McCallum do what they can with the principal parts, but there are few opportunities for acting. Norman MacOwen is more effective in the small part of McTavish, a ferryman.

Nature in the sub-arctic wastes is the real hero of the picture, and the camera does full justice to its beauty and majesty.

I HOPE that a great many lovers of cricket will be able to see Elusive Victory.

E. W. Swanton, the well-known writer on the game, accompanied F. R. Brown's team to Australia last winter, and with him went a young photographer, John Woodcock. They have made a delightful documentary of the tour.

We see the team leaving Tilbury in the Stratheden; the voyage out; first-rate shots of the cricket; and exciting and amusing glimpses of famous players on and off the field. We are shown, too, how

thoroughly boy cricketers are coached in Australia.

There is one astonishing scene of blind and almost blind people playing cricket and bowls, using wicker balls with bells inside.

The commentary by Mr. Swanton, himself, aided by R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, Rex Alston, and S. C. Griffith, is admirable.

Elusive Victory, which runs for an hour, is intended for schools, clubs, and youth organisations. It is ideally suited for the purpose, and should brighten many winter evenings for cricket enthusiasts everywhere.

Details about the film may be obtained from John Green, Bodley House Literary Agency, Vigo Street, London, W.1.

Sweets of Other Days

The homely sweets which our grandparents used to buy in goodly measure with their halfpennies have disappeared. Their passing is lamented in a recent letter to The Times from Mr. Roy Cole, of Codicote, Herts.

He sighs for the "Kalibonker" (two a penny) which, he says, was "a slab of creamy-coloured toffee having a flavour of ambrosia and a soft resilient 'gooiness' that has never since been approached in any form of sweetmeat whatsoever."

He is haunted with the ghosts of Sherbet Suckers (four a penny). These were triangular pink or blue bags containing sherbet which was sucked through the attached liquorice tube. They were related to the Sherbet Dab, which had a disc of toffee on a stick. One licked the toffee, dabbed it in the sherbet, and licked again.

Certainly young folk got more for their money in those days. You could get eight "Everlasting Sticks" of toffee for a penny, and although the manufacturer's notion of eternity was admittedly exaggerated, they were good value for money; so were the tiny "hundreds and thousands."

POPCORN AND CATS' EYES

Pennies had to go a long way then, but a penny-a-weeker could buy Popcorns, maize softened and exploded by heat and rolled in sugar. You got four enormous bags for a penny. Their bulk, as Mr. Cole points out, made it difficult to hide them in class or from predatory companions. Another good buy were Cats' Eyes and Aniseed Balls at 24 a penny.

For those who were really hard up, there were the Locust Beans. One could buy a capful of them for a halfpenny. They, like the cheap Tiger Nuts, were not really sweets at all, Mr. Cole says, but "vegetables with a high sugar content and a distressing incidence of decay and worminess. Even so, when sorting was done, they were a bargain."

One could add to his list the hot fruit cordial drinks, sold in sweetshops and popular with young folk on winter days.

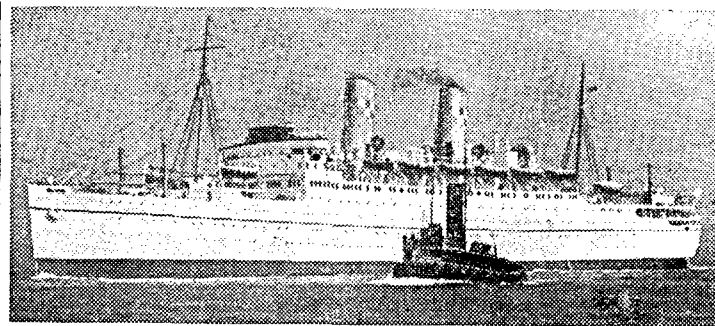
Mr. Cole deplores coupons. "I shudder to think," he writes, "of the complexity these beastly tickets of regimentation would have introduced into our young lives. Wheedling the halfpenny out of father was difficult enough—getting a coupon out of mother on top of that would have been the end."

BEFORE THE LOCUSTS SWARM

Britain and the East African countries are to spend another £1,000,000 in fighting the desert locust. Swarms of these pests are threatening the African crops, and the aim of the new campaign will be to prevent the invasion by visiting the locust breeding-grounds in Somaliland and Ethiopia.

Last year East Africa successfully fought off its locust peril by dealing with them at the hopper stage.

SHIP FIT FOR A PRINCESS



The Empress of France

There will be busy days in Liverpool when the Empress of France arrives there from Canada this week; for the suite set aside for Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh must be in order before the royal party come aboard on the morning of September 25.

The Empress of France is one of the two survivors of the four famous Canadian Pacific Duchesses on the North Atlantic run to Canada before the war. Formerly the Duchess of Bedford, she became Empress when she was extensively refitted and modernised after an arduous career as troop-carrier.

Another post-war change is that the ship, formerly black with white upperworks, has been painted dazzling white, in keeping with the Empress tradition, and her two buff funnels have been given additional square emblems bearing the red and white checks of the Canadian Pacific houseflag.

The Empress of France was

built 23 years ago, but she came from the famous Clydebank yard of John Brown, who built the Queens, and whose ships normally enjoy a long life. She sails from Liverpool every third Tuesday with 700 passengers aboard her, returning from Canada ten days later, all through the season.

This will be the second time Princess Elizabeth has gone aboard a Canadian Pacific ship, although the first on which her personal standard will be hoisted. When, 12 years ago, the King and Queen returned from Canada aboard the Empress of Britain, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret boarded the ship to welcome home their parents. Even then they were thrilled by everything to do with the sea—and perhaps most with the ship's shop, where they bought sailor dolls and sweets.

Several members of the present crew of the Empress of France were on board the Empress of Britain then, including Miss Claire Collas, the chief stewardess.

PIG'S FACE SUNDAY

For the villagers of Avening, which lies deep in the valley of the Avon in Gloucestershire, next Sunday, September 23, will be Pig's Face Sunday.

We may wonder why this strange name is given to the first Sunday after September 16, and it certainly signifies one of the quaintest customs we know.

Many years ago, Avening was being troubled and harassed with the raids of a terrible wild boar. It was the terror of the district, so that travellers could not go peacefully on their way nor the peasants pursue their work on the fields.

Eventually, however, some brave hunter went out and killed it. And, ever since, on this particular Sunday, their deliverance from the wild boar has been celebrated by the inhabitants of Avening.

The celebration takes an in-

teresting and appetising form. All the inns of the parish serve pig's face sandwiches to their customers. A pig's face or cheek is cooked and made into brawn and served as sandwiches.

Today, it is difficult for us to realise what a menace a wild boar could be. In fact, it is a very bold and fierce animal—so fierce in India that it will even attack a tiger and never yield in the fight till it is actually killed or disabled.

No wonder that the hunter who went out to kill a wild boar was hailed as a hero, and was usually richly rewarded for his brave deed.

The exact date of the extermination of the wild boar in England is not known, but there are records that they existed in Chartley Forest, Staffordshire, in 1593. In Ireland it was abundant as late as the 17th century.

THE ACTORS IN THIS FILM ARE SILENT

A film in which all the actors are silent is to be shown at the New Gallery Cinema, London, for three weeks beginning September 21. The story of the life of Christ and called Behold The Man, it is based on a Passion Play, Ecce Homo, which was first produced in a London club-room in 1939.

As the characters act, a narration based on the text of the Four Gospels is spoken by Father Meyjes, one of the two priests who first produced the Passion Play.

All the actors were working people who gave up their spare

time to rehearsals and performances. Among them were a baker, a tourist agent, several electrical engineers, office workers, and a window-dresser. Christ was played by Father Charles P. Carr.

This is the first time that the figure of Christ has been portrayed on the screen. The film censor, impressed by the reverent and original treatment of the subject, has given the picture a Universal Certificate.

Behold The Man is accompanied by a musical score especially composed by Ernest Steffan.

ADVENTURE AND FUN ALL THE WAY

Autumn evenings are approaching, and boys and girls—who always make the best of things—think of curling up cosily with a book. And what could be better than one of the Annuals?

These jolly volumes never fail to live up to their promise of fun and excitement from cover to cover; and they are also useful to stow somewhere for Christmas presents.

Even an older brother or sister may enjoy a few secret chuckles with the Playbox Annual before hiding it away for a present. It is a "must" if you have small folk about. It is filled with delightful stories, games, puzzles, the adventures of Sonny Bear, the Bruin Boys—those time-honoured Peter Pans—and others, on pages often bright with colour.

Some girls, as well as boys, enjoy the tales of excitement on the sports-field, thrilling adventure in the backwoods, and high-spirited fun at school contained in the Champion Annual.

The School Friend Annual, with its store of mystery, school life, romance, adventure, and humorous stories, also has great appeal.

Another Annual for everyone is The Tip Top Book, a bright, colourful Annual that is a feast of fun, thrills, and pictures.

SCRAP METAL FROM SCRAPPED RAILWAY

The disused 15-mile branch railway line between Pickering and Seamer, Yorks, has been sold by British Railways for scrap metal.

It will yield many tons of materials that are at present scarce, including 3450 tons of rails (weighing about 90 lbs. to the yard), and 35,000 sleepers. The dismantling of eight bridges, which carried the line over the River Derwent and the Scarborough road, will provide additional scrap.

In 1841 Williams started work in London. He immediately felt a most urgent need for a place where he could meet his fellow workmates during leisure hours in prayer and mutual improvement.



Pioneers 59. Sir George Williams, founder of the Y.M.C.A.

Others also felt this need, and Williams started regular prayer meetings with a little company of twelve friends. They called themselves The Young Men's Christian Association.



The idea caught on, and spread rapidly. Popular lectures were arranged and thanks to Williams' vision the society developed into a world-wide organisation.

When Williams received a knighthood from Queen Victoria at the Y.M.C.A. jubilee celebrations in 1894 he was the proud president of a society with over 700,000 members. The membership has continued to grow ever since.



NYASALAND AND THE RHODESIAS AS ONE DOMINION?

At a large modern hotel by the Victoria Falls, where the waters of the Zambesi hurtle over the mile-long precipice at 500,000 tons a minute, delegates from Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland are discussing a plan for federating their countries.

Also attending this conference are Britain's Colonial Secretary, Mr. James Griffiths, and the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, Mr. P. Gordon-Walker.

For three months now people of all races in Central Africa have been eagerly discussing the White Paper which was issued after special meetings in London last June, and which declared there was a strong case for federation.

Even in remote villages in the bush, district commissioners have been explaining the proposals to

tribal chiefs and their followers.

The three countries are all enjoying prosperity today. For instance, Southern Rhodesian tobacco farmers are experiencing a tremendous boom because Britain has to cut her imports of dollar tobacco; and Northern Rhodesia's soaring mineral output is encouraged by rearmament. If the countries can combine, they will form a strong political unit and be able to support each other against slumps in their markets of copper, chrome, tea, tobacco, and asbestos.

AFRICANS AGAINST IT

Most white people in Central Africa strongly favour a federation, but Africans are generally antagonistic. This is largely because Southern Rhodesia is self-governing (except in foreign affairs) whereas Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland are under the control of the British Colonial Office, which ensures that the Africans are properly treated and given sound opportunities. Many Africans fear that a new Federated State would not look after them so well as the British Government does.

To overcome this fear, the White Paper proposes that, although the new State would have its own Prime Minister, there

would be a special Board to deal with native affairs, and this would be able to appeal to the British Colonial Secretary at any time.

So this conference may well be deciding the future of what will one day be a great new British Dominion. For these territories with their untold mineral and agricultural wealth have immense possibilities. Thousands have gone to make their homes there since the war and their combined population is today about 175,000 Europeans, and six million Africans.

The White Paper has suggested British Central Africa as a name for the new State. Others prefer Rhodesia, because Cecil Rhodes laid the foundation for the development of the region. Yet another suggestion is Livingstonia.

WHALE HARVEST

Australian whalers operating along the north-west coast of their continent expect to catch 1200 whales in the whaling season that ends in October. It began in June. Such a catch would be worth 1,750,000 Australian pounds.

Already the whale-hunters have sent 1961 tons of whale-oil to Holland.

SINGAPORE A CITY

The town of Singapore is being raised to the status and dignity of a city from September 22. The island from which the town takes its name, strategically placed midway between India and the Far East off the southern tip of the Malay Peninsula, became a British possession 132 years ago, and was made a separate crown colony on April 1, 1946.

Sir Stamford Raffles landed there on January 29, 1819, and, perceiving its importance, induced the East India Company to acquire it from the Sultan of Johore, and later, when the island was formally included within the British Empire, became its first governor.

Singapore possesses one of the largest harbours in the world, and in the roadstead may be seen every type of vessel from luxury liners to Chinese junks and Malay sampans. It is also a naval base and an important terminal on the air lines to Australia and the Far East.

The population of the island, which in 1824 was 10,683, is now over a million. Only about 12,000 of these are Europeans, the majority of its inhabitants being Chinese, Malays, and Eurasians.

LATE NEST

What must surely have been one of the latest nests of the season was discovered at the end of August in a mangold field close to the Waveney Valley railway line at Starston, Norfolk. It belonged to a yellow-hammer and soon after its discovery the four eggs were hatched.

A growing mangold formed part of the support of the nest, and one of the leaves was serving as a roof. An unusual feature was that the nest was on the ground instead of in the usual position at the bottom of a hedge.

GREENMANTLE, JOHN BUCHAN'S FAMOUS THRILLER, TOLD IN PICTURES (1)

The story (given here by permission of the owner of the copyright) opens on a December day in the First World War. Major Dick Hannay sailed on a desperate mission: to find out all he could about a mysterious Moslem

prophet who was being encouraged by the Kaiser's Germany to start a fanatical holy war against the British. Dick Hannay's ship was bound for neutral Lisbon, whence he intended travelling through wartime Germany to Con-

stantinople. His two fellow secret agents, "Sandy" Arbuthnot and Mr. John S. Blenkiron, a wealthy American with a taste for dangerous adventure, were on their way to Constantinople by other routes, intending to meet him there.



Dick had grown a beard so as to pose as an anti-British Boer fleeing from South Africa. At Lisbon he had the good luck to meet an old friend, Peter Pienaar, a pro-British Boer who had just arrived on a ship from South Africa. Dick had gone on board this ship to land from her, so as not to arouse suspicion. The two went ashore, and Peter, who wanted to help Britain, agreed to go with Dick.

Now Dick's life of deception began. There were several German agents in Lisbon and he planned to make them think he and Peter were South African Dutchmen who were on Germany's side. In a café Peter, speaking in Portuguese, ran down England. This started a row, for the Portuguese were friendly to Britain. As the two left, a little German sidled up and asked them to have a drink. Their trick had worked.

He led them to his flat where he was completely taken in by their story that they had fled from South Africa after fighting in an unsuccessful rebellion against the Imperial forces there. They told him they could do a lot to help Germany in Africa. He was delighted. "There is room in Germany for such men as you," he exclaimed. He said he would arrange for them to travel there through neutral Holland.

Next day they sailed for Rotterdam, where they were met at the quayside by a German agent who put them on the train for the frontier. There, a German officer, saluting politely, led them to the station restaurant and introduced them to his superior. To Dick's alarm this man began speaking Afrikaans (South African Dutch). Captain Zorn knew South Africa well and he asked Peter a lot of questions.

Will Dick and Peter be revealed as impostors? See next week's instalment of this grand story

The Children's Newspaper, September 22, 1951



A series of complete stories by GARRY HOGG

Mark Westaway's Diary

4. The Tale of the Terrible Bells

Here is another adventure from Mark Westaway's diary, in which he jots down some of the things that happen to him and his friends, Bob and Bryony Gimble. This week he recalls an alarming experience in a bell-tower.

ONE day when Bob and his sister Bry and I were cycling through a village where there was an old-looking church I said: "Let's see if we can get up to the top of the tower, shall we?"

"Jolly good idea, Mark," said Bob.

The church door was open, so we went in. After a while we found a small and very narrow doorway up two stone steps. It had an oak door, and it was not locked.

"Who's going up?" I said.

"I am," said Bob.

"So am I, then," said Bry, after a second's pause.

So we all went. Bob in front, then Bry, and then me. There was a spiral stone staircase, like those in old castles, dark and with its steps badly worn. Every now and then one of us slipped. Bry kept knocking backwards into me, and when I grumbled she said it was Bob's fault for slipping back and kicking her on the shins!

"It's better round this last bend!" we heard Bob's cheerful voice, now well ahead of us.

"Ah, that's better," Bry said, when we caught up with him. He was on a sort of landing where there was room for the three of us to stand side by side. Slit windows let in a little light.

"Next floor!" Bob said briskly. "Going up!" He led the way up the next flight of steps into more darkness.

WE came next to a square room with a very high ceiling and small windows. Eight ropes, all with coloured velvet grips, dangled down through holes in the ceiling nearly to the floor. On one wall was a big board with numbers on it and the words: KENT TREBLE BOB MAJOR. I asked Bob if he was any relation.

Bob grinned, and read out the line below it: "GRANDSIRE TRIPLES. That's my old grandpa three times over, if you want to know. Remind me to introduce you to him some day!"

After looking about a bit we went up the next flight. The steps got narrower, and quite soon we came out into a room full of bells slung on enormous wooden beams, each with a huge spidery wheel attached. There was a rope round each wheel going down through a hole in the floor.

"Well, I'm blest!" said Bob. "This is worth looking into!"

How on earth they managed to fit eight bells into that small space beats me. It was quite a jigsaw-puzzle of bells and wheels and ropes and beams. Bob and I prowled about, but Bry kept complaining that she was not interested in all these mechanical things. So after a while we gave in and went up one stage farther, away from the bells. It had been a tight fit for us, anyway. There was only a narrow gangway round the four sides of the bell-room and you could easily touch the bells.

"Gosh, this is something like!" Bob said.

WE had emerged onto the open roof of the church tower—a lead-covered, sloping floor with a stone wall all round it, broken into square look-out places just like on the top of a castle's walls. And through these you got a wizard view of the country: the roofs of the cottages in the village right at your feet, then the farms and fields, then the woods, and then the river winding away into the distance. It was like looking at a map drawn by a giant.

"Super!" I said.

After a time we realised we ought to be making for home, and I led the way down the short flight of wooden steps that had taken us out of the bell-room. "Better

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This jumping rodent is a semi-desert animal, sandy-coloured, living in burrows by day and feeding on grain and herbage at night. It has large eyes and a silky coat, with a tail twice as long as its body which it uses for balance. The forefeet are extremely small and scarcely noticeable. It walks on the middle of three toes only, toddling about on long, spindly legs with alternate steps, like a mouse on stilts. When going fast it travels by successive leaps of up to nine feet, reaching a speed of 40 m.p.h.

hurry," I said. "It's going to rain."

Then, at the foot of the steps, I heard voices! "Ssssh!" I warned Bob and Bry, who were close behind me. They retreated upwards and I followed them out onto the roof again. "Men," I whispered. "Several of them. Right beneath the bell-room floor!"

"Bell-ringers," Bob said. "Now we're nicely trapped!"

He had hardly spoken when we heard the first note of a bell, followed almost at once by another, and then another and another and another, till all eight were being rung at once. What is more, we not only heard them, we felt them! The tower shook beneath us, and I saw Bry grip Bob's elbow and go very tense.

AND at that moment the rain we had been expecting burst upon us. It was not just a shower, either; it was as though a huge cistern had been opened right over our heads! In a few seconds we were drenched to the skin. It went dark all at once, and suddenly there was a flash of lightning and a long roll of thunder.

"Quick!" I said. "They can't hear us now. Let's get out of this!"

But we stepped out of the frying-pan into the fire. The bells were now being rung for all they were worth. Close up to them, in that cramped space, we did not so much hear them as feel them. They roared and bellowed at us, like wild bulls raging. And we knew, because we remembered what the bell-room looked like (it was almost pitch dark in the bell-room now), how near those bells were. If we did not squeeze ourselves small they might smash into us!

We could not speak. We could not have heard each other even if we had been able to. The roaring of the bells deafened us and stunned us so that we could not even think. It was as though they were alive, raging monsters seeking to devour us.

I felt Bry close to me, her breath on my ear. She shrieked something, but I do not know what it was. Then suddenly she left me and darted back up those wooden stairs. Rather than remain another second in the bell-room, Bob and I followed her out on to the roof again, into the icy torrent of rain.

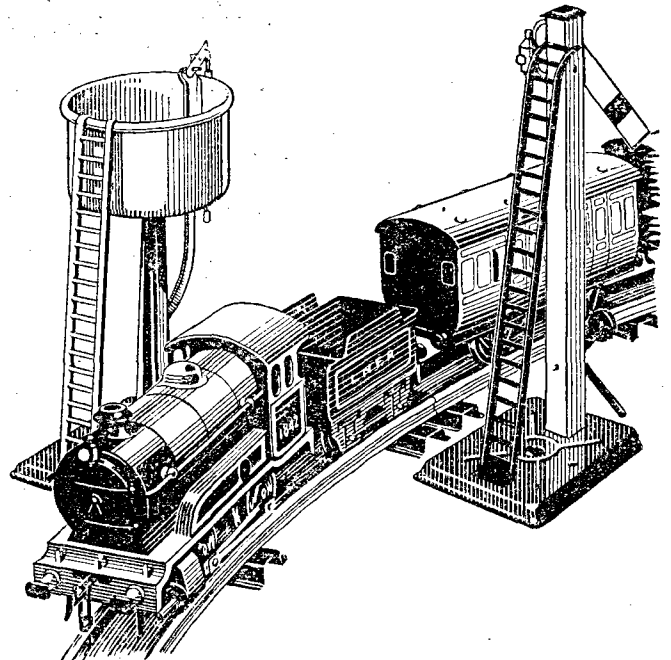
BRY was as pale as a ghost (not that I have ever seen one; but I have seen pictures of them). Bob was about the same. I suppose I was, too. And we were all three trembling. Beneath our feet the tower seemed to be rocking. All about us was the roaring of the thunder mixed with the roaring of the bells. And there was no way of escape that we could think of. The sky was black from horizon to horizon and it looked as though the storm had come to stay for hours.

We crouched there, soaked and miserable and scared, wondering what the end of it would be. Then, suddenly, the bells slowed down. The tower no longer shook beneath us, though the lightning still played in the sky and the thunder, more distant now, rolled

Continued on page 10

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SPORTS SHORTS

IN the English table tennis team—the first touring side of the new season—now paying an official visit to East and West Germany, is 18-year-old Kathleen Best, of Leeds. This is her first appearance for England, who met Germany in an international match in Berlin during the tour. Other members of the party are Ken Craigie, Michael Thornhill, and Joyce Roberts, all from London; and Aubrey Simons from Bristol.

Two popular all-round cricketers, Jim Laker (Surrey) and Ray Smith (Essex), will be wintering in the sunshine of New Zealand, where they have coaching appointments. This is the eighth time that Ray Smith has spent a coaching winter overseas.

THE new ice hockey season opens at Wembley on Saturday evening, when Wembley Lions play their opening match. Among several new Canadians who have come to play in the Wembley colours is 20-year-old goaltender Bob Cornforth, from the Montreal Royals, a well-known Canadian amateur team.

THE Scottish women's hockey team is sailing on Friday for a two-month tour of the U.S. The captain of the American team is Anne Delano, who is also captain of the American lacrosse team now touring in Britain. She will be in the U.S. to greet the Scottish girls.

IN 1884 the American frigate Lancaster, with the U.S. Navy champion rowing crew on board, sailed into Southampton. The Coal-porters' rowing club, which then consisted of men who coaled the liners, challenged the crew—and beat them twice. Now the present members of the Coal-porters' club are trying to revive the old race. They hope to find the home town of the frigate and ask the mayor to raise a team.

MARK WESTAWAY'S DIARY

Continued from page 9

and growled and boomed. And next thing we knew, a man's face appeared in the doorway, very red, and very surprised indeed.

"Well!" he said.

After that it all happened very quickly. Apparently there was a hole in the ceiling of the room where the bell-ringers had come for their weekly practice, and because we had left the door open at the top of the wooden steps the rain had got through and was spilling down onto them. So they had sent one of them up to shut it.

"Well, I'm——" he said. He did not say what he was, but he could see what we were: very DAMP!

WE followed him down, and the seven other men stared at us and made us feel very small and foolish. We stood there, dripping water all over the floor, and the men stood there, each with a pair of huge fists clutching a bell rope.

"Might have had your ear-drums blasted, up there!" said one of them, very sternly. "Might have got picked up by the tenor bell and——"

One of the other men inter-

MRS. FANNY BLANKERS-KOEN is the greatest woman athlete of all time. This popular girl, who won four Olympic winner's medals at Wembley in 1948, recently had five successes in the Dutch National Championships: 100 metres, 200 metres, 80 metres hurdles, high jump, and long jump.

THE Danish Badminton Association have appointed Ken Davidson, former American and world champion, as coach to their team now training for the Thomas Cup competition to be played during the winter. Ken Davidson was born in Scotland but won his long string of badminton honours as an American.

KENNETH ROBERTS from Cefn Mawr, near Wrexham, is only 15, but he has already played in a Football League match. This slim Welsh lad recently travelled with the first team to Bradford, and as the inside-right did not arrive in time he was given his chance. He is the third 15-year-old to play in a Football League match.

FLOODLIT athletics would seem to have come to Britain to stay. Following upon the success of the recent athletic meeting at the White City, an even bigger event is to be staged there next Wednesday evening (September 26), when a London team will meet a Swedish team from Gothenburg.

This will be the first international contest ever held in London under floodlight, although athletics "after dark" have become very popular on the Continent.

The highlights of the meeting should be the mile, in which Gothenburg are likely to be represented by Sture Landqvist, Sweden's great middle-distance runner, and an attempt on the world record for the 4 × 880 yards relay.

rupted him. "All right, Joe," he said. "You don't want to frighten the kids any more. They've had enough by the looks of 'em."

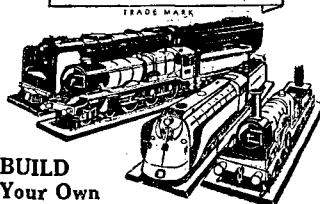
None of us liked being called "kids," but it did not seem the right moment to argue. We kept silent. Anyway, the man who had told Joe to stop frightening us (as though we had not had about all the fright we had room for!) told us to come along with him. We followed him down those winding steps till we were giddy and falling over each other. It was a comfort to know he was in front of us, so that none of us could fall very far!

At the bottom he turned and grinned. "All right, mates!" he said.

And before long, we were sitting round a huge fire in his cottage near the church, wrapped up in hairy blankets and drinking terribly strong tea, while his wife fussed over us and dried our things on a rail over our heads. We hardly even looked up when a few minutes later, the bells began to ring out again. We had seen, and heard, all we wanted to of them!

Another adventure from Mark Westaway's diary appears next week. Order your CN now.

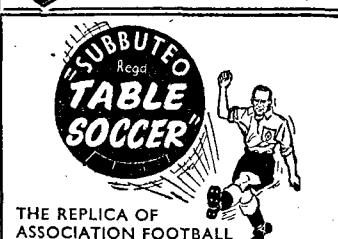
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CN Bookshelf

TRACKING THE DETECTIVE

My Dear Holmes, by Gavin Brend (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.).

THIS is a new "biography" of Sherlock Holmes, constructed with the ingenious deductive processes which so characterised the great detective himself.

All who revel in the adventures of Conan Doyle's imperishable hero—and who does not?—will also revel in this brilliant "study in Sherlock" as the author calls it.

A fascinating addition to Baker Street mythology, it is permeated with the authentic aroma of the '90s and shows that although Truth may be stranger than Fiction, Fiction can be equally convincing.

JACOBITE DAYS

The Young Inverey, by John Niven (Faber, 8s. 6d.).

THE Highlands in the 17th century were a place for hardy men, and young Dick's quest for his father leads him into hair-breadth escapes among cattle thieves and Jacobite rebels that should satisfy any thirst for adventure.

IN THE JUNGLE

The Haunted Forest, by H. M. Tomlinson (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.).

THIS is the author's first story for children, and, as we should expect, it is beautifully written. The atmosphere of native life in Malaya is evoked with rare skill in a story of the adventures of a hunter's young son and his small sister.

A NEW MOUSE STORY

The Adventures of Ambrose, by Rosemary Anne Sisson (George G. Harrap, 6s.).

A CHARMING little story of two mice who went to London to see the King. The author, who is a lecturer in English at University College, London, has a real gift for delightful fantasy. Before her book was published it was praised by Walter de la Mare—high praise, indeed!

RAILWAY ADVENTURE

Full Steam Ahead, by Eric Levland (Brockhampton Press, 4s. 6d.).

RICKY and Peter thought they were in for some fun when they were allowed to use a plate-layer's truck on a disused stretch of railway, but they had not bargained for real adventure with smugglers. A rattling fine yarn in every sense of the word.

STAMP NEWS

ALOIS JIRASEK, the Czechoslovakian author who was born 100 years ago, has been commemorated by four special stamps.

ETHIOPIA (Abyssinia) is to have a set of stamps carrying a surcharge, which will be devoted to the fight against tuberculosis.

TWO new Yugoslav stamps record the competition for parachutists recently held in that country.

THE jamboree for Scouts of the Caribbean area, planned for next March, will be the subject of two special stamps to be issued by Jamaica.

BUSY WORKERS

The Flying Nation, by Dorothy E. Crowder (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.).

THE "nation" is a swarm of bees, and their hive is "Apis City." We are told in story-form of all the varied activities of the community—their work and code of laws, their triumphs and tragedies—in a truly delightful combination of entertainment and instruction. The illustrations in colour and line by Helen Haywood are marvels of detailed observation.

THE BOY DETECTIVE

Tadgy on the Trail, by Nelson Davis (Herbert Jenkins, 6s.).

THIS is another gripping tale about Tadgy (Plantaganet) Prance, the young sleuth. This time he and his friends probe the mystery of a remote hillside farm in the Welsh mountains.

FUN WITH WOODLANDERS

Mole's Castle, by Elleston Trevor (Falcon Press, 8s. 6d.).

THIS story has been written from the Children's Hour serial-play. The thousands of young listeners who loved the broadcasts will be delighted with this yarn of Old Stripe, the badger, his friends, and the deserted castle.

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

THE SCHOOLBOY'S POCKET BOOK, edited by Carlton Wallace (Evans, 5s.).

THE SCAPEGRACE OF ST. JIMS, by Martin Clifford (Mandeville, 7s. 6d.).

MORE ABOUT WORZEL GUMMIDGE, by Barbara Euphan Todd (Hollis & Carter, 7s. 6d.).

THE BALLET SCHOOL MYSTERY, by Constance M. White (Hutchinson, 6s.).

GIMLET OFF THE MAP, by Captain W. E. Johns (Brockhampton Press, 6s.).

ST. MARK'S STORY OF JESUS, illustrated by Trever Evans (Blandford Press, 10s. 6d.).

THE TREASURE BOOK OF THE WORLD, edited by D. M. Prescott (Blandford Press, 9s. 6d.).

THE BOYS' BOOK OF SOCCER FOR 1952, edited by Patrick Pringle (Evans, 10s. 6d.).

SAILING AND SMALL BOATS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS (A Junior Teach Yourself Book) by J. M. Lewis (English Universities Press, 6s.).

THE GIRL GUIDE ANNUAL, edited by Joanne Watts (The Girl Guides Association, 8s. 6d.).

THE BROWNIE RING, a gift book for Brownies (The Girl Guides Association, 6s. 6d.).

FIVE ON A HIKE TOGETHER, by Enid Blyton (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.).

ANOTHER BICYCLE WINNER!

The bicycle offered as first prize in No. 7 of the CN's fortnightly competitions has been awarded to Anthea Merry, 223 High Street, Chasetown, Near Walsall, Staffs.

The Fountain Pens have been awarded to the following, whose entries were considered next best:

Philip Beadle, Rawdon; Joan Crisp, Alnwick; Marion Penruiter, Currie; Pamela Robinson, Brampton; Christine Wainman, Ilford.

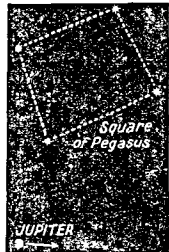
CORRECT SOLUTION: 1. Nelson, 2. Sir Francis Drake, 3. Alfred the Great, 4. Chaucer, 5. Shakespeare, 6. Queen Anne, 7. Abraham Lincoln, 8. Boadicea, 9. Captain Cook, 10. Florence Nightingale.

JUPITER AND HIS MOONS

By the CN Astronomer

THE great world Jupiter is now becoming well placed in the evening sky, and may be found low in the east after about eight o'clock. He appears south-east of the Great Square of Pegasus.

Jupiter is at present travelling in a westerly direction, the arrow indicating the extent of his apparent motion during the next four weeks. He will be at his nearest to us on October 3, when he will be 370 million miles distant.



The dark, moonless nights for most of the next two weeks will provide a dark sky and favourable opportunities for obtaining a glimpse of two of Jupiter's moons.

Actually all four of Jupiter's bright Galilean moons—so called after the astronomer Galileo who first discovered them—could be seen with the unaided eye were it not for the radiance of Jupiter.

These four large and bright moons have always been part of the satellite system of Jupiter; but it is otherwise with at least six of the other seven moons of Jupiter. These present the characteristics of being captured bodies, and are probably some fragments of the great planet that once existed between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

FOUR LARGEST MOONS

The nearest of the four largest moons to Jupiter is Io. It has an average distance of 261,800 miles from Jupiter's centre. Europa, the next, is 416,600 miles distant.

Ganymede, the largest and brightest, averaging 5 magnitude, is at an average distance of 664,200 miles from Jupiter's centre. Callisto, the outermost of these original moons, is 1,168,700 miles from him. The radiance from the planet obliterates both Io and Europa, which need telescopic aid.

Ganymede and Callisto, being more distant, may be glimpsed with good binoculars under the favourable conditions which occur during the next fortnight, the evenings of September 23, 24, and 25 being the best suited, providing the sky is dark and clear. Then Callisto will appear at almost his farthest linear distance from the planet, like a faint star on the right or west side, and at a distance of about one-third of the apparent diameter of the Full Moon.

At the same time Ganymede will be present on the left or east side of Jupiter, the night of September 24 providing the best opportunity of glimpsing this the brightest satellite. Greater difficulty arises from its seeming proximity to Jupiter, for even at Ganymede's greatest apparent linear distance it is rather less than one-fifth of the Full Moon's diameter away, and therefore immersed in Jupiter's radiance.

It will be on the opposite side of Jupiter on September 27 and 28, while Callisto will be on the east or left side on October 2, 3, and 4.

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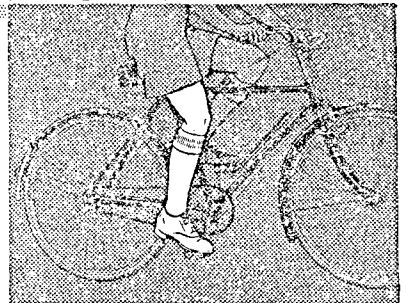
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THE BRAN TUB

TIME FOR A HOLIDAY

THE commercial traveller held up in the Orkneys by a storm telegraphed his employers in Aberdeen: "Marooned here by storm. Please wire instructions."

The reply came back: "Start summer holidays as from yesterday."

BEHEADING

I'M short for something used for speech—
Contact with friends one thus obtains.

Behead me, and the chopping brings

A whetstone used for sharpening things.

A further chop, and one remains.

Answer next week

All through the night

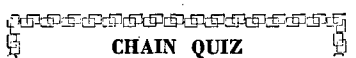
THE golf novice went out for a round late in the afternoon. After several determined attempts to hit the ball he said to his caddie: "I'll stay here till I do hit this ball."

"Well, sir," said the caddie, "you'll have to get someone else to carry your clubs—it's my bath night."

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

GREAT BURNET is a tall, handsome plant found blooming in moist meadows. The slender stems grow from two to three feet high, branching into several stalks, each of which carries an oval head of small, purplish-crimson flowers. Each flower possesses four stamens. The toothed leaflets grow on the lower part of the stem.

This species, although widely distributed, is not found in all districts of Britain.



CHAIN QUIZ

Can you find the answers to these clues? Each one is linked to the next, the last two letters of the first answer being the first two of the second answer, and so on.

1. American statesman (1706-90); invented lightning conductors, discovered the Gulf Stream, and wrote sayings which have become proverbial.

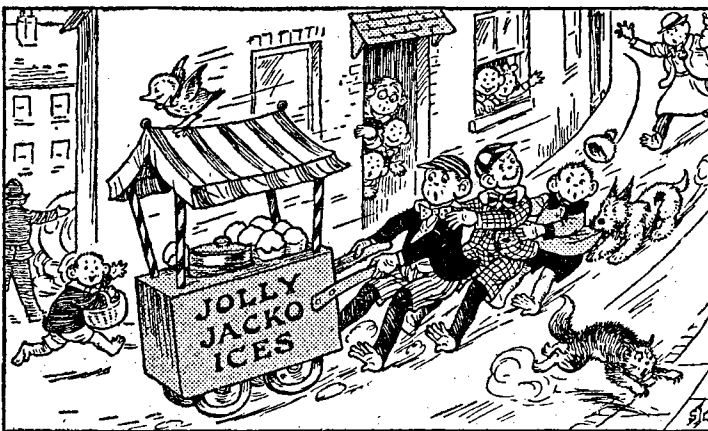
2. Apparatus, first used by ancient Egyptians and Chinese, for hatching eggs; modern types are heated by electricity.

3. Shrine where ancient Greeks sought answers to their problems from a god; the most famous was that at Delphi.

4. City of Yorkshire, centre of the woollen industry, also important as railway centre; present population 490,000, but at time of Norman Conquest it was a village of 35 farms.

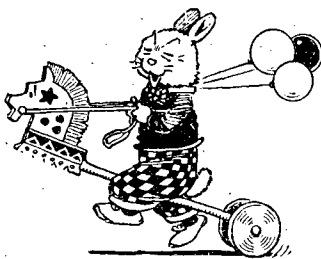
Answer next week

N-ICE WORK BY JACKO AND COMPANY



Jacko, Chimp, and Baby were gazing sadly at the ice-cream barrow. "Life is hard without money!" sighed Jacko. They had just turned mournfully away when a cry caused them to look back. There was the ice-cream barrow gathering speed down the hill! "Runaway!" cried Jacko. With one accord they hurtled down the hill as if their lives depended on it. They just managed to stop the barrow before it reached the bottom of the hill. Of course, they were well rewarded. "Perhaps life is not so bad, after all," said Chimp as they walked away, an ice-cream in each hand.

OFF TO THE FAIR



I've got the party spirit;
My hobby-horse has, too.
I'm on my way to spend the day
At the Fun-Fair; what about you?

No time for it

ALL the morning he had sat on the bank of the river watching the angler.

Eventually the angler began packing up his kit. Then he turned to the onlooker.

"Do you go in for fishing?" he asked.

"Not me," replied the other. "I haven't the patience."

THE GARDENER

THERE was a little gardener
Who spent the summer days
Planting rows of buttons
To see what he could raise.
"If vines come up, I'll get," said he,
"Some button-hooks for poles."
But digging down he found instead
A crop of button-holes.

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

BOLD MOTHER RABBIT.
"We saw either a stoat or a weasel in the Big-woods," Ann told Farmer Gray.

"We couldn't see its tail," explained Don, who knew a stoat's tail is always tipped with black.

"Probably a small stoat," said the farmer. "Weasels are seen, of course, but they do most of their hunting underground. Being so small, they can follow their prey down almost any hole."

"Fancy a little thing like that being able to kill a rabbit," marvelled Ann.

"It's odd," admitted the farmer. "Occasionally, however, a doe will defend her young, and give Master Weasel a severe kick which puts him to flight."

Spot the cars

The answer to each of the following clues give a well-known make of car. Can you find them?

1. A river crossing.
2. A type of dance.
3. Ensign.
4. Panther-like animal.
5. Wanderer.
6. Victory.
7. Tenor.
8. A London bridge.
9. English river which flows into the North Sea.

Answer next week

Crossword Puzzle

READING ACROSS. 1 Astonishment. 5 Snake. 8 Mythical bird. 9 Correct. 11 Small child. 12 Joined. 13 Having rounded roof. 15 Pile of combustible material. 16 Hastened. 19 Afterwards. 21 Bend. 24 Curve. 26 Early English title. 27 Sound of a dove. 28 Place. 29 Prophets.

READING DOWN. 1 Skill. 2 Gloomy. 3 Dramatic performer. 4 Rest. 5 Place of rest. 6 Unit. 7 Totalled. 10 Among. 14 Fruit. 15 Positions. 17 Quiet. 18 Mistake. 20 Mimics. 22 Definite article. 23 Cereal. 25 Type of lettuce.

Answer next week

FULL STOP

DICK: Did your watch stop when it hit the pavement?

HARRY: Of course; did you expect it to go right through?

BEDTIME CORNER

The midday express

EVERY Saturday Philip used to go to the level crossing to see the midday express going through, and to wave to the driver.

One day the signal at the crossing was against the express and it stopped there, and Philip actually had a chat with the engine driver. And, what was more, the driver said how much he looked forward to seeing Philip every Saturday, because it was something to tell his little boy, who was in hospital.

One Saturday, two weeks later, when Philip was out shopping for Mummy, he met Grannie.

"Come and have an ice," she said.

He was just going to accept when he noticed the time, and realised that this would mean missing the express. Well, it would not matter disappointing the driver for once, he thought. And then he remembered the driver's little boy.

"No, thank you, Grannie," he said then, and explained

about going to the level crossing.

He arrived in time for a word with the signalman, who was looking out of his cabin, and then he crossed the lines to his usual place.

Soon the express came along, and Philip exchanged waves with the driver, who was looking out for him. Then, as the carriages flashed past, Philip saw that the door of one was open.



Directly the line was clear he went over and shouted to the signalman, who soon understood what was wrong, and telephoned up the line to have the express warned.

"Well done, sonny," he said then. "If the express had passed another train with that door open, lots of damage would have been done to glass and paintwork, as well as injuring passengers."

"Then I'm jolly glad I didn't have that ice," said Philip, telling him the whole story.

JANE THORNICROFT

Wily Willie



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